

REX BEACH
ADVENTURE
STORIES

The Shyness of Shorty

By REX BEACH

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PROLOGUE.

As a teller of adventure tales Rex Beach is without an equal in America. Years of experience as a miner in Alaska made him familiar with a little known quarter of the globe where life flows at full tide; consequently his stories are not only intensely interesting, but they are absolutely true to nature. Most of his characters are real people, changed somewhat to suit the motives of the particular story in which they appear. He has been in many an Alaskan gold rush and has had many narrow escapes. One of the stories in this series describes a frightful experience in a blizzard in an Alaskan pass. Beach participated in a trip of this very character and barely escaped being frozen to death. One of the Indians who accompanied him died of exposure. Beach made his first great hit with "The Spoilers," a remarkably interesting tale of life near the arctic circle, and this was followed by "The Barrister" and "The Silver Horde." His Adventure Stories are varied in character and full of thrilling incidents and humorous episodes. In appearance he resembles a college football player, being six feet two inches tall and weighing 200 pounds.



suddenness that the breath fled from him in a squawk of terror. Then, seizing his cue, he kicked and hollered the prostrate Christian in feverish silence. He hastened and rolled across the porch to Bailey. Staring truculently up at the landlord, he spoke for the first time.

"Was I right in supposing that something amused ye?"

"No, sir; I reckon you're mistaken. I ain't observed anything frivolous yet."

"Glad of it," said the little man. "I don't like a feller to hog a joke all by himself. Some of the Bar X boys took to absorbing humor out of my shape when I first went to work, but they're sort of educated out of it now. I got an eye from one and a finger off of another. The last one donated a eat."

Bailey readily conceived this man as a bad antagonist, for the heavy corded neck had split buttons from the blue shirt, and he glimpsed a chest hairy and round as a drum, while the brown arms showed knotty and hardened.

"Let's liquor," he said and led the way into the big, low room serving as bar, dining and living room. From the rear came vicious clatterings and clinkings of pots, mingled with oriental lamentations, indicating an aching body rather than a chastened spirit.

"Don't see ye often," he continued, with a touch of impeded curiosity.

"No, the old man don't lemme get away much. He knows that dwelling close to the ground, as I do, I pine for spiritual 'elevation,' with a melting glance at the bottles behind the bar, doing much to explain the size of his first drink."

"Like it, do ye?" questioned Bailey, indicating the shelf.

"Well, not exactly. Booze is like air—I need it. It makes a new man out of me and usually ends by getting both me and the new one laid off."

"Didn't hear nothing of the wedding over at Los Huetos, did ye?"

"No. Whose wedding?"

"Ross Turney, the tiny sheriff."

"Ye don't say! Hm! that's been elected on purpose to rig up the Tremper gang, hey? Who's his antagonist?"

"Old man Miller's gal. He's celebrating his election by getting spliced. I been expecting of 'em across this way tonight, but I guess they took the Black Butte trail. Ye heard what he said, didn't ye? Claims that inside of ninety days he'll rid the country of the Trempers and give the reward to his wife for a bridal present. Five thousand dollars on 'em, ye know."

Bailey grinned evilly and continued: "Say, Marsh Tremper'll ride up to his house some night and make him eat his own gun in front of his bride, see if he don't. Then there'll be cause for an inquest and an election."

He spoke with what struck the teamster as unnecessary heat.

"Dunno," said the other. "Turney's a brash young feller, I hear, but he's game. I ain't any of my business, though, and I don't want none of his contract. I'm violently addicted to peace and quiet, I am. Guess I'll on Mitch."

As the saddened Joy lit candles in the front room there came the rattle of wheels without and a buckboard stopped in the bar of light from the door. Bailey's anxiety was replaced by a mask of listless surprise at the voice of Ross Turney called to him:

"Hello, there, Bailey! Are we in time for supper? If not, I'll start an insurrection with that Boxer of yours. He's got to turn out the snortiest supper of the season tonight. It isn't every day your shack is honored by a bride. Mr. Bailey, this is my wife, since 10 o'clock a. m."

He introduced a blushing, happy girl, evidently in the grasp of many emotions. "Well, stay all night, I guess."

"Sure," said Bailey. "I'll show ye a room," and he led them up beneath the low roof where an unusual cleanliness betrayed the industry of Joy.

The two men returned and drank to the bride, Turney with the reckless lightness that distinguished him, Bailey sullen and watchful.

"Get another outfit here, haven't you?" questioned the bridegroom.

"Who is it?"

Before answer could be made, from the kitchen arose a tortured howl and the smashing of dishes, mingled with stormy rumblings. The door burst inward, and an agonized Joy fled, stamping out into the night, while behind him rolled the caricature from Bar X.

"I just stopped for a drink or water," boomed the dwarf, then paused at the twinkling-face of the sheriff.

He swelled ominously, like a great pimple, purple and congested with rage. Strutting to the newcomer, he glared insolently up into his smiling face.

"What are ye laughing at, ye shave-tail?" His hands were clenched till his arms showed tense and rigid, and the cords in his neck were thickly swollen.

"Leave me on out! I'm strong on humor. What in b—t alls ye?" he yelled, in a fury, as the tall young man gazed fixedly, and the glasses rattled at the below from the barreled-up jugs.

"I'm not laughing at you," said the sheriff.

"Oh, ain't ye?" mocked the man of peace. "Well, take care that ye don't, ye big wort; or I'll trample them new clothes and browse around on some of your features. I'll take ye apart till ye look like cut feed. Guess ye don't know who I am, do ye? I'm—"

"Who is this man, Ross?" came the anxious voice of the bride, descending the stairs.

The little man spun like a dancer and, spying the girl, the color of a prickly pear, then stammered painfully, while the sweat stood out under the labor of his discomfort:

"Just 'Shorty,' miss," he finally quavered. "Plain 'Shorty' of the Bar X'er—a miserable, crawling worm for disturbing of ye." He rolled his eyes helplessly at Bailey while he sopped with his crumpled sombrero at the glistening perspiration.

"Why didn't ye tell me?" he whispered furiously at the host, and the volume of his query carried to Joy, hiding out in the night.

"Mr. Shorty," said the sheriff gravely, "let me introduce my wife, Mrs. Turney."

The bride snuffed sweetly at the tremulous little man, who broke and fled to a high bench in the darkest corner, where he dangled his short legs in a silent ecstasy of bashfulness.

"I reckon I'll have to rope that Chink, then blindfold and back him into the kitchen, if we git any supper," said Bailey, disappearing.

Later the Chinaman stood in to set the table, but he worked with hectic and fitful energy, a fearful eye always upon the dim bulk in the corner, and as fanned more he shook with an ague of apprehension. Bucking and sidling, he finally announced the meal, prepared to stampede madly at notice.

During the supper Shorty ate ravenously of whatever lay to his hand, but asked no favors. The agony of his shyness paralyzed his huge vocal muscles till speech became a labor quite impossible.

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His figure loomed black and immobile against the dim starlight of the window.

"Oh, Lord, I got to set down!" and the watcher squatted upon the floor, bracing against the wall. His dulling perceptions were sufficiently acute to detect stumbling footfalls on the porch and the cautious unbarring of the door.

"Getting late for visitors," he thought as he entered a blissful doze. "When they're abed I'll turn in."

It seemed quick later that a shot started him. To his dizzy hearing came the sound of cursing overhead, the stamp and shift of feet, the crashing fall of struggling men and, what

he awoke drunkenly, but at the slightest shift of his quarry the aimless wanderings of a black muscle stopped on the spot and the body behind the gun was congested with deadly menace.

"Face the wall!" he cried. "Quick! Keep 'em up higher!" They suddenly obeyed, their wounded leader reaching with his unjaded member.

To the complacent Shorty it seemed that things were working nicely, though he was disturbingly conscious of his alcoholic lack of balance and tormented by the fear that he might suddenly lose the iron grip of his faculties.

Then, for the second time that night, from the stairs came the voice that threw him into the dreadful confusion of his modesty.

"Oh, Ross," it cried, "I've brought your gun!" And there on the steps, disheveled, pallid and quivering, was the bride, and grasped in one trembling hand was her husband's weapon.

"Ah-hi!" sighed Shorty graphically as the vision beat in upon his misty conceptions. "She ain't hurt!"

In his mind there was no room for desperadoes contemporaneously with her. Then he became conscious of the lady's resilience, and his brown cheeks flamed brick red, while he dropped his eyes. In his shrinking, groveling modesty he made for his dark corner.

One of those at bay, familiar with this strange abomination, seized the moment, but at his motion the sheriff screamed, "Look out!"

The quick danger in the cry brought back with a surge the men against the wall and Shorty swung instantly, firing at the outstretched hand of Bailey as it reached for Tremper's weapon.

The landlord straightened, gazing aghastly at his bigger tips.

"Too low!" and Shorty's voice held aching tears. "I'll never touch another drop. It's plumb ruined my aim."

"Out these strings, girlie," said the sheriff as the little man's gaze again wavered, threatening to leave his prisoners. "Quick! He's blushing again."

When they were manacled Shorty stood in moist exudation, trembling and speechless, under the incoherent thanks of the bride and the silent admiration of her handsome husband. She fluttered about him in a tremor of anxiety lest he be wounded, caressing him here and there with solicitous pats till he felt his shamed and happy spirit would surely burst from its misshapen prison.

"You've made a good thing tonight," said Turney, clapping him heartily on his massive back. "You get the five thousand all right. We were going to Mexico City on that for a bridal trip when I rounded up the gang, but I'll see you get every cent of it, old man. If it wasn't for you I'd have been a heap farther south than that by now."

The open camaraderie and good fellowship that rang in the man's voice affected Shorty strangely, accustomed as he was to the veiled contempt or open compassion of his fellows. Here was one who recognized him as a man, an equal.

He spread his lips, but the big voice squeaked dimly; then, inditing deeply, he spoke so that the prisoners shamed in the corral outside heard him plainly.

"I'd rather she took it anyhow."

"No, no!" they cried. "It's yours."

"Well, then, half of it." And for once Shorty betrayed the strength of Gibraltar even in the face of the lady, and so it stood.

As the dawn spread over the dusty prairie, tipping the westward mountains with silver caps and sucking the mist out of the cottonwood bottoms, he bade them adieu.

"No; I got to get back to the Bar X or the old man'll swear I been drinking again, and I don't want to dissipate no wrong impressions around." He winked gravely. Then, as the sheriff and his sturdy prisoners drove off, he called:

"Mr. Turney, take good care of them Trempers. I think a heap of 'em, for, outside of your wife, they're the only ones to this outfit that didn't laugh at me."

[To be continued.]

HOME.

Cling to thy home! If there the mearest shed

Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,

And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,

Be all that heaven allots thee for thy board—

Unsavory bread and herbs that, scattered, grow

Wild on the river brink or mountain brow,

Yet 'em this cheerful mansion shall provide

More heart's repose than all the world beside.

—Leonidas.

Happy the man whose wish and care

A few paternal acres bound, Content to breathe his native air in his own ground.

—Pope.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in rain.

Oh, give me my lowly thatched college again!

The birds singing gayly that came at my call—

Give me them and the peace of mind dearer than all.

—John Howard Payne.

Such is the patriot's boast wher'er we roam— His first best country ever is at home.

—Goldsmith.

Bald as a Badger.

Established by Franklin in 1791.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 281
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, August 23, 1913.

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It looks as though the President's currency bill had still got a rocky road to travel. It is very doubtful if he can force the measure through a reluctant Congress at this special session.

If Newport's wealthy summer residents take the initiative toward building a summer hotel we shall have the hotel. In the past it is possible that things have started in the wrong way.

At a medical congress held in London lately the doctors in attendance are as much at a banquet that they made themselves all sick. That gave them a good chance to practice on one another.

Now can do more killing with impunity if he gets away again. Having been convicted of larceny the worst penalty that would follow another killing would be incarceration in another asylum, from which he could again make his escape.

Mexico seems to be trying to see just how far the can go without getting a severe spanking from the United States. Well we don't really want to use force, but if Mexico really wants trouble she will probably get all she is looking for if she does go far enough.

The city of Quincy, Mass., has a tax rate this year of \$23.70 on a \$1000. There are very few cities in Massachusetts where the tax is under \$20.00 on a \$1000. People of means better migrate to Rhode Island and settle in Newport County where the tax rate is from \$8 on a \$1000 in Portsmouth to \$12.80 on a \$1000 in the city of Newport.

New York State is in about as bad a way as could well be imagined. With two claimants for the Governorship, and with the Democratic party in the State ripped wide open, it is no wonder that discipline in the various State institutions is said to be a thing of the past. The sooner the impeachment trial is over the better for the State. Next time elect a Republican Governor.

The free sugar part of the Democratic tariff bill has been accepted by the Senate. This would be all right if it would give us cheaper sugar. But will it? All the great sugar refining companies were in favor of the bill.

Why? So as to kill off competition in the shape of the western beet sugar refiners. When this is done the refiners can charge what they please. The consumers receive only a temporary benefit if any.

The deposed Governor of New York does not propose to give up without a fight. It is said that his friends, including Tom Lawson, will spend one hundred thousand dollars in the next few weeks to arouse public sentiment in his favor. They propose to carry on an elaborate publicity campaign. The governor's opponents are of a class that will make the world more willing to suspend judgment in regard to his alleged misdemeanors.

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Women's intuition informs them of approaching death, for which reason they seek life insurance and are undesirable risks, according to the delegates at the meeting of American Life Insurance Association at St. Paul. Perhaps that may be so but we are strongly of the opinion that something more than intuition serves to make women undesirable risks in the minds of insurance people. In fact all statistics go to show that women are longer lived than men.

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Thursday was a busy day in the excursion line, the regular boats bringing in good crowds, while in addition there was a special boat from New London which landed an immense crowd at Long wharf.

Lamentation over the character of the Rhode Island delegation to the Put-in-Bay celebration would be somewhat assuaged if there were a stronger hope that some of the delegates would during the trip disqualify themselves from ever coming home. —Providence Tribune.

Too Much Prosperity.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

COUNT OF PROBATE.—At the regular session of the Court of Probate held on Monday, August 18, all the members were present. Inventories of the estates of Ann F. Shove and Caroline T. Wilson were presented, allowed and ordered recorded.

On the petition of L. Lincoln Sherman, Custodian of the estate of Alice P. Mayer, he was authorized to sell at private sale horses, cows and other live stock on the Mayer Farm and to draw on the deposit in the Aquidneck National Bank, to pay wages to house servants and farm laborers and other expenses incident to caring for the property and effects on the farm and in the dwelling house. A certain paper writing purporting to be her will, executed by Mrs. Mayer August 4, 1896, was sent to the Probate Office soon after her death by Tyler, Corneau and Eames, Attorneys of the City of Boston, but no one seemed inclined to petition for its probate. Both of the persons named as Executrix had died before Mrs. Mayer. Under the provisions of this will a considerable portion of the estate was given to the Town Council of Middletown, to hold in trust for advancing the agricultural interests of the County of Newport. On Monday a petition for the probate of this will was presented, signed by Henry L. Chase, in behalf of the people of the County to have this will proved and recorded. The petition was referred to the third Monday of September, with an order of notice.

In Town Council, Joseph E. Kline and David A. Brown were confirmed as a Committee to stone and improve parts of Mitchell's Lane against the Van Beuren farms and towards which Mr. Van Beuren has agreed to contribute \$1000. This Committee was authorized to proceed according to such plan and specifications as they should see fit to adopt.

David A. Brown was appointed a Committee to procure specifications for stonewalling 1000 feet of the south end of Paradise Avenue.

The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury.

Peckham Brothers Company, for crushed stone applied to Prospect Avenue, \$23.70, to Second and First Beach Avenue, \$237.87; Walter S. Barker, for highway repairs, \$33.55, for overseeing the application of oil to the highways, \$15, for excavations under the town hall preliminary to installing apparatus for heating, \$12.25; Eliza A. Peckham, for mason work under the town hall, \$45.35; Thomas G. Ward, for services as Town Sergeant, \$15.80; Bay State Street Railway Company, electric light at town hall, \$2.16; James W. Barker, highway repairs, \$71.29, for cutting and applying crushed stone to Second and First Beach Avenue, \$105.00; Dr. William A. Sherman, for examination of throat cultures, \$2.00; Dr. M. H. Sullivan, for administering anti-toxin to the Souza family, \$5.00; Dr. de M. Bertram, for fumigating two houses, \$10.00; David J. Byrne, for fumigating lamps, \$10.42; Accounts for relief of the poor, \$38.17. Total \$903.47.

The Council adjourned to meet as a Board of Canvassers on Tuesday, September 2, at two p. m., to make up the voting lists for the present political year. There will be no election of General Officers this autumn, or any other election according to present forecasts, but the law remains in force, requiring an annual compilation of the names and residences of voters in alphabetical order.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Mr. George Jones of Johnston, N. Y., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Harrington of this town.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Sullivan of Fall River are spending a fortnight with Mrs. Anna Fish.

Mr. William Barclay is entertaining relatives from New York.

Mrs. Viola Hathaway has been visiting in Boston and vicinity. During the absence of Miss Hathaway, Mrs. Esther Gifford has been caring for Mrs. Charles Hardington, who, although considerably improved, has not yet recovered from her serious illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bishop have been to Pymouth where they were the guests of Mr. Harry D. Mayley.

Mr. N. H. Rice Peckham who has been with his son Howard P. Peckham of Sherburne, Mass., is at home for a short visit.

The long continued drought throughout New England and in fact throughout most of the country is causing much damage to crops. While the effects of this drought cause but little discomfort to city dwellers or less, except in the increase of the cost of living, the country districts are finding it a serious matter. The hay crop was less damaged than corn, fruit and garden truck will be. There are many fields where the grass roots are literally burned, many pastures that offer little pasture and many walls and springs that are dry. The water supply is badly crippled in some communities. The dangers of forest fires and all other fires are especially acute. The dust rises in great clouds from the highways. The rivers and lakes are far below their usual banks.

The rainfall has been far below the normal all the summer, and unless copious rains come soon this will rank as the driest season New England has known since the establishment of the weather bureau. Newport as usual has probably suffered less than any other part of New England.

Captain Hugh L. Willoughby gave his new hydro-aeroplane a preliminary test in the harbor this week. The balance did not seem to be exactly right so no attempt was made to rise from the water, but after a few slight changes have been made another test will be given next week.

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Mexico seems to be trying to see just how far the can go without getting a severe spanking from the United States. Well we don't really want to use force, but if Mexico really wants trouble she will probably get all she is looking for if she does go far enough.

The city of Quincy, Mass., has a tax rate this year of \$23.70 on a \$1000. There are very few cities in Massachusetts where the tax is under \$20.00 on a \$1000. People of means better migrate to Rhode Island and settle in Newport County where the tax rate is from \$8 on a \$1000 in Portsmouth to \$12.80 on a \$1000 in the city of Newport.

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New York State is in about as bad a way as could well be imagined. With two claimants for the Governorship, and with the Democratic party in the State ripped wide open, it is no wonder that discipline in the various State institutions is said to be a thing of the past. The sooner the impeachment trial is over the better for the State. Next time elect a Republican Governor.

The free sugar part of the Democratic tariff bill has been accepted by the Senate. This would be all right if it would give us cheaper sugar. But will it? All the great sugar refining companies were in favor of the bill.

Why? So as to kill off competition in the shape of the western beet sugar refiners. When this is done the refiners can charge what they please. The consumers receive only a temporary benefit if any.

The deposed Governor of New York does not propose to give up without a fight. It is said that his friends, including Tom Lawson, will spend one hundred thousand dollars in the next few weeks to arouse public sentiment in his favor. They propose to carry on an elaborate publicity campaign. The governor's opponents are of a class that will make the world more willing to suspend judgment in regard to his alleged misdemeanors.

The Newport lawn tennis tournament draws all kinds of visitors to Newport. Secretary McAdoo does not hesitate to avow his interest in the contests, and the courts have been thronged with the leading financiers, statesmen, and professional men from all over the country. The National lawn tennis tournament is really a national affair and there is no place in the United States so well adapted for it as is Newport.

Women's intuition informs them of approaching death, for which reason they seek life insurance and are undesirable risks, according to the delegates at the meeting of American Life Insurance Association at St. Paul. Perhaps that may be so but we are strongly of the opinion that something more than intuition serves to make women undesirable risks in the minds of insurance people. In fact all statistics go to show that women are longer lived than men.

"The New York Evening Post has made telegraphic inquiry from merchants and financial correspondents all over the United States as to their individual expectation of business this fall. Replies indicate a strong consensus of opinion that good points far overtop the bad and that a prosperous trade season is ahead of us." So says an exchange. "It is well, however, not to be too confident in the Post's replies. That paper is in the habit of seeking information only from those it knows will give the returns it desires.

Turkey now has 250,000 troops at Adrianople, and will soon increase the number to 400,000. The situation between Turkey and Bulgaria is becoming critical and an outbreak of a new war is believed probable. It is strange to the outside world how these poverty stricken nations can raise so many men and carry on war so long. When this war commenced the sympathy of the world was with the Bulgarians. Now it is divided and the hope is misaligned that both nations may succeed in wiping each other off of the world's map.

Provideuce in addition to all her other troubles has an epidemic of foot-and-mouth disease on its hands just now. New cases are appearing daily.

It looks as though the President's currency bill had still got a rocky road to travel. It is very doubtful if he can force the measure through a reluctant Congress at this special session.

If Newport's wealthy summer residents take the initiative toward building a summer hotel we shall have the hotel. In the past it is possible that things have started in the wrong way.

At a medical congress held in London lately the doctors in attendance are as much at a banquet that they made themselves all sick. That gave them a good chance to practice on one another.

Now can do more killing with impunity if he gets away again. Having been convicted of larceny the worst penalty that would follow another killing would be incarceration in another asylum, from which he could again make his escape.

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SHERIFF HALTS THAW'S FLIGHT

Recognizes Fugitive on Train Bound For Canada

WAS HEADING FOR QUEBEC

Leaves Train Near Border and Attempts to Cross in Farmer's Wagon with New Hampshire Official in Pursuit—Engages High Class Counsel and Scores Important Point

The Canadian immigration authorities declare that Harry K. Thaw will be deported from Canada under the immigration regulations.

The rule under which this action is possible provides that any person who, within five years of his incarceration in a penitentiary or insane asylum, enters Canada, may be sent back as an undesirable.

Twelfth hour developments preface that the fight for liberty will centre in the state of New Hampshire, although the New York officials and Matteawan heads will make every effort to forestall Thaw's removal to New Hampshire. The latter is just what they will expend every ounce of energy to prevent, knowing that it means endless litigation, whatever the outcome.

Once on New Hampshire soil Thaw can give legal battle which may ultimately mean his freedom. The officials hurrying from New York to Sherbrooke will endeavor to have Thaw given into their custody or returned to the state of New York instead of New Hampshire.

After a dash for liberty from the Matteawan asylum for the criminal insane, in which he is supposed to have been aided by New York gunmen, equipped with a high-powered automobile, Harry Thaw, slayer of Stanford White, was arrested crossing the Canadian border in a farmer's wagon, which he had hired to facilitate his escape from the New York authorities.

Thaw was later arraigned at Sherbrooke, Can., as an undesirable from the United States and was remanded to jail. He will appear before Judge Kivens, extradition commissioner. He has engaged counsel for himself and his two companions.

While the police of New England were on the qui vive in regard to the whereabouts of the notorious Matteawan prisoner, and his mother, in response to the letter from her son, was preparing to join him at her country home in Pennsylvania, Thaw boarded a train at Portland, Me., and proceeded toward Quebec, where he proposed to take passage for Europe. His letter to his mother is now regarded as a "blind."

The arrest of Thaw was due to an elaborate inquiry as the train was entering the Canadian line. On the train was Sheriff Kelsey of Colebrook, N. H. When Thaw asked the location of the nearest county seat, he was referred to the sheriff for an answer.

The question struck the sheriff as odd and he took a good look at the prisoner. Thaw shifted in his seat under the scrutiny. Finally he asked: "You don't know me, do you?"

The sheriff made a random shot that struck the bullseye when he replied: "Well, I can make a pretty good guess that you are Harry Thaw."

"You're right."

Thaw's friends took no part in the conversation. Thaw then told of the plan to reach Quebec from which he intended to sail for Europe.

Thaw told the sheriff he had no right to take him; that no charge had been brought against him in New Hampshire. The sheriff seemingly agreed with Thaw and left the train at Colebrook, N. H. He had some private business to attend to, but thinking better of the Thaw quest, Kelsey hired an automobile and together with Walter Drew, a press correspondent, had another man, entered upon a pursuit.

At Colebrook one of Thaw's companions got off the train, probably with the idea of hiring an automobile and picking Thaw up beyond the border. Thaw left the train at Hereford, where he called a farmer out of bed and persuaded him to drive himself and his companions across the line.

The farmer who drove Thaw said he latter offered \$9 to drive him about fifteen miles to any point where he could reach the Grand Trunk railway and so get a train for Quebec.

The sheriff's auto overtook the party at Hermenegilde-Garford, where, at Kelsey's request, a Canadian officer met the fugitive under arrest.

Hermenegilde-Garford is a village two miles south of Coaticook, Que., and Thaw was taken there. Though he had already admitted his identity to Kelsey, Thaw at first denied that he was the man who escaped from Matteawan. Later he freely admitted the facts of which the police were already convinced. He said, however, that he would fight any effort to extradite him and retained Attorney Shirliff of Coaticook to look after his interests.

Hector Verret, king's counsel of Coaticook, is acting for Kelsey, who is the actual complainant in the case. Kelsey charged that Thaw was a fugitive and demanded that he be held for the United States authorities.

Thaw's counsel, under the resourceful leadership of F. J. McKeon, Canada's greatest and highest-priced lawyer, sprang a sensation when they got an adjournment until Wednesday next for the hearing on the habeas corpus suit.

New York state officials who were in court for the hearing were dumfounded. They declared that habeas corpus proceedings could not be ad-

judged, but in spite of their protests, the case went over.

McKeon asked for delay on the ground that Attorney Shirliff is on the way to Ottawa with a demand direct to the Canadian government that Thaw, guilty of no crime against the dominion laws, be liberated at once.

It is now regarded that Shirliff's hurried departure was nothing less than a ruse by McKeon to get the delay he declares is essential for the success of Thaw's freedom.



1913 by American Press Association.

HARRY K. THAW

Harry K. Thaw escaped from Matteawan state hospital for the criminal insane by throwing a gateman to the ground as he opened a door to admit a worker and then leaping into a taxicab outside and speeding away toward the Connecticut state line.

A quarter of a mile down the road Thaw abandoned the taxicab while it was going at a high rate of speed and leaped into a big six cylinder Packard touring car, which had been waiting for him.

With the taxicab trailing, the Packard sped away at the rate of eighty miles an hour. Four men beside the chauffeurs of the two cars were involved in the escape.

Convinced that the escape was the development of a carefully laid plot engineered by Thaw and his family, the authorities of the institution have offered a reward of \$600 for his capture and have suspended a keeper named Barnum. Dr. Kibb expressed the belief in offering the reward that Thaw was enabled to escape by assistance given him by guards.

Ten minutes after Thaw escaped scores of automobiles were on his trail along the route the big Packard followed, but not one of the pursuing cars could develop more than sixty miles an hour at the most.

Howard H. Barnum, the attendant on duty at the entrance to Matteawan asylum grounds when Harry K. Thaw escaped last Sunday, was arraigned at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and held in \$1000 bail for examination Sept. 6, on a charge of bribery to effect Thaw's escape.

Barnum's arraignment was simply for fixing his bail. His lawyers said they would secure bonds for him.

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

Condensed Paragraphs of Happenings Around the World

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the militant suffragette leader, arrived at Trouville, France, to join her daughter Christabel, who has been staying at this seaside resort.

The Italian hydrographers are again puzzled by the sudden disappearance of the waters of Lake Canteno, while the population of the district is in mortal fear of some impending catastrophe. It disappears every twenty years.

Henry Enis, suspected of being one of the two bandits who robbed a train near Hattiesburg, Miss., and secured \$92,000 from the Southern Express company safe, was captured near Carbon Hill, Ala. He was placed in jail here.

August Sternikel, a notorious German criminal, was beheaded with an axe in accordance with the Prussian method of capital punishment at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, near Berlin.

An explosion of a load of dynamite at Tacubaya, a suburb of Mexico City, killed or injured more than 100 persons, chiefly women and children. Thirty bodies have been taken from the ruins of the houses. It is estimated that scores of others will be found.

Edward Asmuth, 25, was killed, and Miss Amy M. Grubb, 24, died two hours later, when their carriage was struck by an engine at a crossing at Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Militant suffragettes caused \$60,000 damage by burning down a theatre at Chadwick, Eng. The interior had been soaked with oil and grease.

Harry Rowe, 20, gave up the life of a stage acrobat because his mother thought it dangerous. He went to work in a mine at Mt. Pleasant, Pa., and was crushed to death.

H. Sternwels, his wife and three small children, were burned to death in a fire which destroyed their home on a farm near Dubuque, Ia.

DIGGS FOUND GUILTY

Jury Finds He Violated the Mans White Slave Traffic Act

Marvin L. Diggs was found guilty at San Francisco of white slavery.

The case went to the jury with no attempt by the defense to prove Diggs did not transport Martha Warrington across the state line from Sacramento, Cal., to Reno, Nev., nor that he did not live there for three days as husband and wife.

Strathcona to Resign at 94

Lord Strathcona has signified his intention of quitting the post of Canadian high commissioner. He will retire early next year when he will have reached his 94th year.

PLANS TO AVOID PARTY WARFARE

Glynn Declares There Will Be No Political Earthquake

HE ANNOUNCES HIS POLICIES

First Official Act Upon Assuming Duties of Acting Governor of New York—Sulzer Still Holds the Fort as Chief Executive in Old Chamber—Clash of Authority Near.

There will be "no political earthquakes and no factional reprisals" during the incumbency of Martin J. Glynn as acting governor of New York, Glynn so declared in a statement outlining his policy.

The issuance of this statement was Glynn's first official act after taking possession of the new executive chambers on the third floor of the capitol, assigned to him by the trustees of public buildings.

On the floor beneath, Governor Sulzer continued to discharge the functions of chief executive in the old executive suite. He was surrounded by his clerical staff, the members of which were much perturbed over an announcement by Glynn that they would be requisitioned by him for service as they might be needed.

This promises an immediate clash of authority, as attempted dismissal may follow refusal of these employees to obey the two claimants of the governorship. Glynn's statement follows:

"Owing to the duties thrust upon me by the constitution, I wish to make clear the policy I purpose to pursue as acting governor.

"I do not intend to employ a temporary occupancy of the governorship for the purpose of partisan warfare.

"Under me, as acting governor, there will be no political earthquakes and no factional reprisals.

"I have no intention of removing departmental heads for mere political reasons.

"I propose to discharge my sworn obligations for the best interest of the public.

"I ask the hearty co-operation of all state officials and all good citizens to help bring order out of chaos in the state government until the court of impeachment shall have rendered a verdict.

"The duties devolving upon me I did not seek. They are imposed upon me temporarily by the constitution and I am determined to live up to the constitution.

"I believe in law and order, and the affairs of the state must proceed in an orderly manner according to constitutional provisions.

"I propose to discharge the duties of acting governor without fear or favor, without ostentation or advertisement, without factional purpose or personal motive.

"No act of mine will compound the present confusion. Official chaos must end and the affairs of the state proceed as if no impeachment proceedings were pending. Until the court of impeachment renders its decision, I intend to do only things as may be necessary for the smooth running of the business of the state."

FREE SUGAR VICTORIOUS

But Two Democratic Senators Against Administration Measure

President Wilson's program for free sugar in 1916 carried the day in the senate when Democrats rallied to the support of the tariff bill and defeated all amendments to the sugar schedule.

With all but Senators Ransdell and Thornton of Louisiana standing firmly for the administration measure, the Democrats defeated the Bristow amendment for a compromise duty, the Norris amendment, against free sugar, and the Gallinger amendment against free maple sugar.

An amendment to abolish immediately the Dutch standard color test for sugar was adopted during the fight.

FAMILY OF FIVE SLAIN

Husband and Father Found Dying Beside Dead Bodies

The bodies of Mrs. Mary Lake and her four children, Horace, 17, Walter, 8, Stella, 18, and Dorothy, 14, were found in their Brooklyn home, horribly mangled.

Beside them, dying, was the husband and father, Henry Lake, a restaurant chef. Apparently, he killed all five and then fatally wounded himself.

The tragedy occurred as early as last Thursday. Odors from the rooms alarmed neighbors and at their request the police broke in.

A DRAMATIC STRUGGLE

Governor of Jolo Kills Two Moros Who Treacherously Attack Him

Vernon L. Whitney of Iowa, governor of Jolo, had a narrow escape when attacked treacherously by Moros. He received five barong wounds, but will probably recover.

Whitney had just completed an inspection of the scout camp at Basi Loco and had sent his interpreter to order his launch. The interpreter was attacked by Moros, but escaped.

Whitney heard of the attack, and as he ran to investigate he met two Moros, who approached in a friendly manner and then suddenly attacked him. Whitney eluded one of the Moros while he shot and killed the other, and then after a struggle wrested the barong from the other man and finished him with it. During the struggle, however, Whitney received bad wounds.

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PLOT AGAINST MAYOR GAYNOR

Dynamite Near His Office In New York City Hall

ENOUGH TO WRECK BUILDING

Death and Disaster Averted by Fuse Leading to Detonating Cap Being Too Tightly Rolled—Many Threatening Letters Received by Executive Since He Has Been in Office

Mayor Gaynor was saved from death and the New York city hall from being blown to atoms by a deadly charge of dynamite only because a strip of cotton wool was wrapped so tightly about the fuse that the spark could not reach the detonator.

Three whole sticks and two half sticks of dynamite made up the charge, which, experts say, was sufficient to have wrecked the city hall. It lay on a basement door, within sixty feet of the mayor's window.

Close to the explosive was a piece of Chinese punk and several burnt matches. The only clue that might lead to the identification of the leaders in the dynamite plot is a piece of heavy cambric, in which the dynamite and fuse were wrapped. The cloth is blue, with red and white figures, and resembles flags worn by Italian women of the working class.

Nearly one hundred bombs have been exploded in New York city this year by Black Handers and much damage has been done.

A partly smoked cigar found near the dynamite is thought to have been thrown there by a passerby, for hundreds of smokers pass the area way and many of them throw away cigar butts there.

Mayor Gaynor would make no statement regarding a possible connection with the finding of the dynamite and a threatening letter, of which he has received a number during his term of office. When he was notified of the discovery of the explosive he showed little concern, and remained working at his desk while police officers drew a cordon about the dynamite to keep back the excited crowd.

The bureau of combustibles found the explosive to be regulation blasting dynamite. It was arranged in lattice formation, with the two small pieces resting on the three ten-inch sticks. A partly burned four-inch fuse, made of gunpowder tightly rolled in a paper cylinder, led to a detonating cap on one of the half sticks of dynamite. The cambric in which the explosive was wrapped was tied with red and blue twine.

Gaynor was shot in the neck three years ago this month, and was so badly wounded that for several days it was thought he would die.

An investigation is being made to determine whether some previous menace in the mayor's mail gave some warning of the attempt to destroy the city hall.

HARRISON CONFIRMED

New Governor General Suits Philippine House of Delegates

The senate unanimously confirmed the nomination of Francis D. Harrison of New York as governor general of the Philippines.

Harrison called at the White House to thank President Wilson for the appointment and arranged for a conference on Philippine policies. With him went Manuel Quezon, delegate to congress from the Philippines, who carried a cablegram received from the speaker of the house of delegates in Manila, indorsing the selection of Harrison.

Bryan to Stump in Maine

Secretary Bryan will spend two days in September stumping the Third Maine congressional district for William Patterson, the Democratic candidate.

He will speak at the following places:

August 29, at the Hotel Atlantic, Portland.

August 30, at the Hotel Atlantic, Portland.

August 31, at the Hotel Atlantic, Portland.

September 1, at the Hotel Atlantic, Portland.

September 2, at the Hotel Atlantic, Portland.

September 3, at the Hotel Atlantic, Portland.

September 4, at the Hotel Atlantic, Portland.

September 5, at

← The →
Scrap Book

Couldn't Stick Him Again.

A bishop, accosted in Fifth avenue, New York, by a neat but hungry stranger, took the needy one to a hotel and shared a really fine dinner with him, yet, having left his episcopal wallet in the pocket of a different episcopal jacket, suddenly faced the embarrassment of not possessing the wherewithal to pony up.

"Never mind," exclaimed his guest: "I have enjoyed dining with you, and I shall be charmed to shoulder the cost. Permit me!" Whereupon the stranger paid for two.

This worried the prelate, who insisted, "Just let me call a cab and we'll run up to my hotel, where I shall have the pleasure of reimbursing you."

But the stranger met the suggestion with, "See here, old man, you've stuck me for a bully good dinner, but I'll be hanged if I'm going to let you stick me for car fare!"

"God Bless My Mother!"

A little child with baren' half,
And sunlit eyes so sweet and fair,
Who kneels when twilight darkens all
And from those loving lips there fall
The accents of this simple prayer;
"God bless—God bless my mother!"

A youth upon life's threshold wide,
Who leaves a gentle mother's side,
Yet keeps enshrouded within his breast
Her words of warning, still the best,
And whispers when temptation tries,
"God bless—God bless my mother!"

A white-haired man who goes back
Along life's weary, furrowed track
And sees one face—an angel now—
Hears words of light that lead aright,
And prays with reverent bairn,
"God bless—God bless my mother!"

Hit Him With the Text.

"On a visit to Scotland I went to the old United Presbyterian kirk at Sauchie," said a clergyman, "and I heard a good story about a former minister. His name was the Rev. David Caw, and he was very diminutive, standing only about five feet two inches. He led to the altar a strapping, handsome lass some five or six inches taller than he, and her name was Grace Wilson.

"The Sunday after the wedding he got a neighboring minister to preach for him, so that he could sit with his bride on the first Sunday. The minister was a good deal of a wag, so Mr. Caw made him promise faithfully that he would not alight in his sermon to himself, his bride or the fact of the marriage. The wag gave the promise that in his sermon he would make no allusion of that kind whatever, but Mr. Caw nearly snuck through the floor when the text was given out—Ephesians 3:8. 'Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given!'

Poor Defenseless Men.

A certain painter in New York, though he is still a young man and looks younger, has a way of winning prizes at National Academy exhibitions and such; also he has a studio near Central Park. The other day he went into the park with the sort of paraphernalia artists use when they go sketching. He picked out a place to suit him, set up his workshop and fell to very earnestly. Presently he was aware of something behind him—something with eyes. He looked up. There stood a smartly dressed young lady, aged five or thereabouts. She was frankly interested in what he was doing and met his gaze without embarrassment.

"Do you mind if a little girl looks over your shoulder?" she said.

"Not if she is a good little girl," replied the artist politely, and went on with his painting. It was some time before he looked up again. The young lady of five was still there. She caught his eye and bent toward him with an eager, coaxing smile.

"What do the naughty little girls say to you?" she whispered.—New York Post.

Mme. Loubet's Corset Mystery.

A capital story is being told in Paris of M. Loubet. The other afternoon a friend saw the ex-president seated in his carriage on the boulevards. Quite two hours later the friend happened to pass again. Loubet was still there. Approaching the carriage, the passerby inquired: "Well, Emile, you have more leisure nowadays than you know what to do with. And madame?" "Mme. Loubet," echoed the ex-president—"she's quite well. She's in there—has been for two hours," pointing to the shop. It was "Au Corset Mysterie." "It will be a mystery to me," added Loubet. "If she gets fitted by dinner, she certainly won't after."—New York Sun.

Slayer and Sleigher.

In the first number of the Atlantic Monthly Ralph Waldo Emerson had a poem called "Bratina," which puzzled both critics and common readers. Some said it was the greatest poem of the century. Some said it was nonsense. The first verse ran as follows:

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep and pass and turn again.

That winter it happened that a relative of the poet Longfellow, living in another state, bought a sleigh, and in a family letter to the cousins in Cambridge there was a wall lost the January thaw which had followed the purchase should keep them from enjoying the gay winter that season. When the letter was answered Longfellow contributed this verse:

TO — ON THE PURCHASE OF A SLEIGH.

If the red sleigher think he sleighs,
Or if the sleigher think he is sleighed,
They know not well the subtle ways
Of snow, that comes and goes again.

More Ancient.

"They say that chess is the oldest game," remarked the Old Fogy.

"Poker is older than chess," said the Wise Guy.

"How do you know?" asked the Old Fogy.

"Didn't Neshy draw to pair on the Ark and get a full house?" replied the Wise Guy.—Charles L. Echinger.

MARK TWAIN AND O. HENRY.

Humor of Their Column Writing in the Old Days.

In the old days writing columns was a noble business. It was generally regarded as a preface to literary achievement. Mark Twain and O. Henry were columnists and were working along the good, old, safe lines years ago. They were both particularly strong for answering imaginary correspondents. Here is a sample from the work of each, so you may judge how for the columnists art has backed up.

The first paragraph is Mark Twain's:

Arlington, Virginia City, Nev.—It would take a cannon ball three and one-third seconds to travel four miles, and three and three-eighths seconds to travel the next four and three and five-eighths to travel the next four and if its rate of progress continued to diminish in the same ratio, how long would it take it to go 1,000,000,000 of miles? I don't know.

Follows O. Henry's:

Who was the author of the line, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead?"—G. F.

This was written by a visitor to the state fairground of 1892 while conversing with a member who had just eaten a large slice of hamster cheese.

Both Mark Twain and O. Henry were writers of burlesque too. They burlesqued novels. Eleanor Glyn and Arnold Bennett would have been snubbed and wheat eaten for them if they had been unknown columnists when the two last named got into the strong literary light.—Chicago Post.

Enthusiasm.

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something and strive to retain our admiration for all that would enoble and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.—Phillips Brooks.

Did His Best Anyhow.

Mrs. D'Oyley Carte used to tell this story of the olden days at the Savoy, in London, when her husband was staging Gilbert and Sullivan's operas:

A steady looking butchell applied to Mrs. D'Oyley Carte so persistently for work that at last she referred him to her husband. At the moment the latter was busy trying some candidates for the chorus, but this did not prevent the applicant from interrupting to ask him for work. Mr. D'Oyley Carte waved him off impatiently, but



LIFTED UP HIS VOICE AND SANG.

after the applicant had repeated the request once or twice he gave in and banded him the words of a song.

"Sing that," he said, and he motioned to the pianist to play the accompaniment. "Go on!"

After some hesitation the stranger lifted up his voice and sang, and the result was so awful that the manager interrupted hurriedly.

"Stop, stop!" he shouted. "What do you mean by this tomfoolery? You have the confounded impudence to ask me for a job?"

The stranger looked hurt. "Well, I didn't want to sing," he said with an injured air. "I ain't no singer. I'm a stage carpenter, an' I only sang to please you, cos you asked me to!"

Came Out Unhurt.

A Kentucky colonel of the old school had made a proud boast that he hadn't drunk a glass of water in twenty years. One day as he was riding to Nashville on the old L. and N. the train was wrecked while crossing a bridge and plunged into the river. They pulled the colonel out with a boat hook, and when they got him on shore one of his friends rushed up, crying, "Colonel, are you hurt?"

"No!" he snorted. "Never swallowed a drop!"—Everybody's.

Turning the Tables.

Here is a West Point story, told about one of the awe inspiring sentries who bant everybody who approaches after 11 o'clock at night.

Old black Rob, the servant of one of the academy instructors, gave his version of it thus:

"Mrs. Margaret, yo' knows dat culid girl wat works fo' Captain Smit? Wal, she were comin' home late last night from der city, an' when she climb up to der top ob dis tere tall hill one ob dem deere little sentry boys yell out loud to her an' say: 'Halt! Who comes here?' Josephine, she's not a bit scared ob anything, so she jes speaks up sorta quick-like an' say: 'Now, don't you be scared honey. Nobody ain't gwine to hurt yo!'—"Woman's Home Companion.

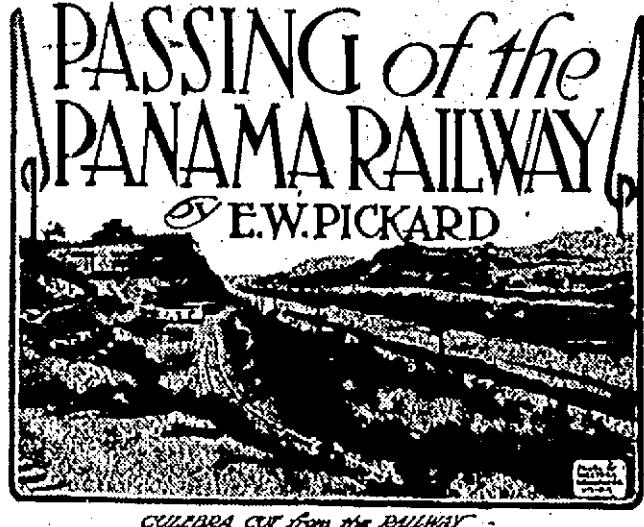
Mr. Mayo—Great Caesar, Laura, why did you buy me those ties?

Mr. Mayo—Why, they were marked down to almost nothing.

Mr. Mayo—And that's exactly what I'll be if I wear them!—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Missionary—If you are about to kill me let me sing a hymn.

Cannibal—No sir-ee. No music with meals in this joint.—Life.



CUTAWAY CUT from the RAILWAY

Colon, O. Z.—With the completion of the Panama canal the importance of the Panama railway will decline almost to the vanishing point.

For nearly sixty years this railway has been carrying people and freight from ocean to ocean. Though only 47 miles long, it has been, for certain periods, one of the most important and most interesting railroad lines in the world. During the building of the canal, under the ownership of the United States, it has become one of the best equipped and most efficient of railways. It has given great help in the construction of the canal that will prove its virtual death.

The finding of gold in California was the cause of the building of the Panama railroad. For long years before the wild rush of argonauts in 1849 the Isthmus was almost forgotten by the civilized world, but when the yellow metal was discovered on the west coast it became once more a great trade route. In order to avoid the long trip across the plains in "prairie schooners," thousands of gold-seekers went by boat to Chagres, up the Chagres river to Gorgona or Cruces and thence over the old Spanish road to Panama. This, too, was a long route and in the rainy season a painful and dangerous one because of the prevalence of disease.

To the rescue of the gold hunters came three bold Americans, W. H. Aspinwall, Henry Chauncy and John L. Stevens. In 1850 these men had asked the government of New Granada for a concession for the road, and in 1850 Stevens obtained it at Bogota. The Pacific terminus could not be otherwise than at Panama, but at first the harbor of Porto Bello was selected for the Atlantic terminus. However, a New York speculator spoiled this plan by buying up all the land about the harbor and holding it at a very high price, so Navy Bay was chosen instead.

In the '60's the company fell on hard times. It lost much of its freight traffic, was held up by the politicians in Bogota and they suffered by the completion of the Union Pacific railroad. Next Russell Sage and others like him got control of the directorate and wrecked the road. When de Lesseps came over to dig a canal his company bought up the stock and used the road to help in its work.

Then in 1904 the United States bought out the French company and so it became the first American road to be owned by the government. So economically and efficiently has it been conducted since then that it is cited as an argument for the government ownership of all our railways.

The building of the canal and especially the creation of the artificial Gatun lake made necessary the relocation of the Panama railroad along most of its route. The old roadbed now is under water for much of the way, the old line still in use being only about seven miles in length, from Colon to Mindo and from Corozal to Panama. From Mindo to Gatun the grade ascends to 95 feet above tide-level. From Gatun the road runs east until it is four and a half miles from the canal, and then south again on great embankments across the Gatun valley. Along this stretch passengers obtain an unusual view. Because of the construction of the Gatun dam across the channel of the Chagres river, the Chagres valley and all its tributary valleys have been converted into a lake with an area of about 164 square miles. The Gatun valley is one of these drowned arms and as the train crosses, wide stretches of water are to be seen on both sides of the track. Down below the surface are still visible the tops of giant trees that have been killed by submergence, and along the edges of the lake the tallest and hardiest of the trees reach the dead limb above the water. Here and there is a pretty little island that not long ago was the summit of a hill, and the shore line is most picturesquely broken up by capes, peninsulas and bays.

From Monte Lirio the line skirts the shore of the lake to the beginning of the Culebra cut at Bas Obispo. Originally it was intended to carry the railroad through the Culebra cut on a 40-foot beam along the east side, ten feet above water level, but this plan was knocked out by the slides and breaks. The line was carried around Gold Hill to a distance of two miles from the canal until it reached the Pedro Miguel valley, down which it runs to Paraiso and the canal again. Thence it runs almost parallel with the canal to Panama. There are two big steel bridges on the line. One, near Monte Lirio, has a center lift span to permit access to the upper arm of Gatun lake, the other, a quarter of a mile long, across the Chagres river at Gamboa. The total cost of building the new line of the railway was \$8,666,822. In addition, a large sum has been expended in increasing the terminal facilities.

Of course, even after the canal is opened, the railway will have a good deal of business, transporting people and goods between Colon and Panama, and serving the needs of the operating forces of the canal. But its days of glory have departed, and J. A. Smith, the American who has been its efficient general superintendent, recognizing that fact, has resigned and returned to the states.

His Wife—You have been drinking again. Haven't you, now? Her husband—N'dear, I can't tell a lie... His Wife—You can't! Then you are furtive, that's for sure.

Conductor—Madam, that child looks older than three years. Mother—Yes, indeed he does, conductor. That child has had a lot of trouble.—Every body's.

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Conductor—Madam, that child looks older than three years. Mother

Tricking a Lawyer.

the most adroit scheme to deceive us occurred not long ago, while I was settling an estate in Cleveland, O., and Thomas Adams, in requesting one of his experiences to a friend, "It was all in regard to the will of Robert J. Middleton, of the city I have just named. It was an audacious piece of trickery, in which figured a couple of scoundrels, a clever woman and an axe. I was the axe, unfortunately—it was directed by that little infamy. Her fears, her stimulated passions, her pretty foot-dragging against the fellow whom she dubbed an impostor, and the web which she cast with her subtle husband. The total of this trio of thieves, robbing me to the tune of \$25000 right!"

Mr. Thomas Adams was the trusted adviser of Robert J. Middleton. The old man had lived the life of a millionaire, but had died leaving a large fortune. In his will he was found to have devised the whole of his estate—amounting to about \$200,000 in cash and securities, to John, the son of his old friend, George Aspinwall.

John Aspinwall had not been seen in any of the walks of civilization for over 12 years. He had been one of society's failures—a mere never-do-well, who, without any grave inherent vice, had simply fallen out of the ranks.

Rumors had come from time to time of his death, and Mr. Adams had brought himself to the conclusion that the ultimate destination of Middleton's money would be to the state treasury.

"A bit, John Aspinwall, sir, to see you!" The clerk's voice interrupted the lawyer as he was pondering this possible fate of the \$200,000.

The John Aspinwall who presented himself did not profess to be the lawyer, he was a combination of a variety actor and a vulgar sporting man.

"The old butler has pegged out and I've got the money at last!" he exclaimed after a profactory greeting.

This rather surprised Mr. Adams, who knew that John Aspinwall had succeeded that Robert J. Middleton's wealth would come to him.

"How now," added the visitor, "because you can settle the job? To tell you the truth, the sultry air makes me uncomfortable."

Mr. Adams inwardly sollicited that this fellow were not careful something of a man's mode material character would make old uncomfortable.

He mildly intimated that there were many necessary preliminaries to be gone through—first, there were the absolute proofs of his identity to be submitted.

Mr. Aspinwall seemed to be astonished at this and countenanced to bluster,

"Confound you, sir! don't you believe me? Ain't I John Aspinwall?" And he advanced menacingly toward the lawyer.

"Yes, sir—I have no cause at present to doubt you on that point," expostulated the threadbare lawyer, in a cold, deprecatory manner.

"Well, then," said the man, "get on with this as quickly as you can! I'll bring up what you want in the morning. But in the meantime, I want some dust. A man can't live on the air of Lake Erie. You'd better advance me \$500."

To advance \$500 to an unidentified claimant. A just request, certainly.

"Look here, sir," exclaimed Mr. Adams' visitor on receiving a refusal, "when this business is settled I'm going to bound you! I ain't going to have a lawyer who doubts my honor."

And the man, with a look of malignant anger and contempt, took himself off.

"Another Mr. John Aspinwall wishes to see you, sir!" exclaimed the dim-witted clerk, a couple of days later. Mr. John Aspinwall the first had not yet made a second appearance.

Mr. Adams exhibited no surprise to the clerk. "Show him in!" he said shortly.

The man was of a very different character. He spoke and acted like a gentleman.

"What I wonder," said he, "would have induced poor old Middleton to leave me his money. Of course, it will come very useful, but why did he think of me as his heir? I have heard a story of his having courted my mother in his younger days; but to benefit his son of your successful rival is the kind of revenge you'd read of in romances, not the revenge taken in real life."

Mr. Adams liked this man. He was well educated; his manners were not mere veneer. Besides he knew something of Mr. Middleton and admitted the absence of all claim to the old man's consideration.

"Of course," pursued the visitor, "you will desire me to establish my identity in proper form. First I will do tomorrow, if you like. I will bring my papers and place myself entirely in your hands."

This was said with such absolute faith that Mr. Adams' esteem was touched. Here at least was a man of appreciation. Not a word was said about the alvancing of money—only a delicate hint that he would prefer the matter as expedited. How could he for a moment have forgotten that the other claimant was a scoundrel. After all, Mr. Adams pondered, the evidence of education never quite disappears.

Here was this John Aspinwall, who had probably roamed in every part of the world, still retaining the evidences of his early education.

John Aspinwall had now left his abode, and he and the lawyer parted on very good terms.

"A man, John Aspinwall, to see you!" said the clerk to Mr. Adams.

Mr. Adams was intent upon the papers which he had given John Aspinwall and placed in his care.

Everything appeared all right and afterward, Mr. Adams came to the conclusion that this was the real John Aspinwall, and took the test application to the offices of the police.

"Wasn't it he pestered at the clerk's office?"

Now a word had been said to him by that man of his existence of a Mr. Aspinwall. What could this mean?

A pale, gentle-faced, polite, pretty girl was being to him.

He bowed in return, and then placed a kiss for her.

"I have heard of the large sum which was bequeathed to my late husband."

"This husband!" Mr. Adams looked at her intently. She was dressed in very plain but charming.

"Was a dandy relief," he reflected, "to his widow."

"And I thought," proceeded the visitor, "that I ought to come and prove myself to your hands. My friends say you by reputation and character are a wise man."

John Aspinwall was a sensible man, a real character, and probably to be depended upon for a wise man.

"And when did your husband die?" he asked, after a while.

"Well," said Mrs. Aspinwall, a little hesitatingly, "I'm afraid I cannot say I ought to mention that our married life was not happy. Do not think it was my fault! If ever woman loved a man, I loved my husband. At last—her voice trembled and tears rose to her eyes—"he left me. He left me under painful conditions. I might have survived. Poor fellow!" she added, with a woman's lucidness irreverence. "I am afraid he is now lies in a grave in Arizona!" Her husband's name was in use, and for a few moments her face was taken by emotion.

Using, she placed certain letters before Mr. Adams. They were old love letters, a few being signed "John Aspinwall," the others bearing the familiar signature of "Jack."

Another document was a carefully prepared marriage certificate. They had been married in 1891, and this was the date of 1891.

"A life blasted," thought the impudent lawyer, "in six short years!" Then he said quietly: "I ought to tell you that two John Aspinwall have already claimed the money."

"Two John Aspinwall!" she exclaimed. "What do you mean? Good heavens!" she added, with dramatic intensity. "Then, after all, he may be alive, sir!" And she turned eager, enquiring eyes full upon him. "You must be an impostor, the other may be my husband. I will not, dare not, live with that man again! I will renounce all, everything, to be freed from him. He was wretchedly cruel to me! My few years of married life made up a sad story of torture. Yet, sir," with a wayward change in tone, "he is rich now, and I will claim my rights. He has abdicated my confidence—he has cruelly frontiered me! I can never claim from him the obdience of a wife but you, sir, can see that I must have my position as John Aspinwall's wife recognized!"

Before she had left him the middle-aged lawyer had resolved that this sweet little woman should not be wronged.

"You're a scoundrel and a thief!" The speaker was John Aspinwall the second. The recipient of the epithete was John Aspinwall the first. "Who are you?" added the irritated man, impatiently brushing aside the lawyer's retarding hand.

The scene was being enacted in the lawyer's office, where the two men had accidentally met. "Who are you that dare personate me?"

The fellow looked like a hunted cur. He dashed toward the door and bolted into the street.

Mr. Adams would have had the police after him had there not been serious business in hand.

He penned a note and dispatched it by telegraph.

He and John Aspinwall then attended to the papers. Yes, all was right—the claimant's identity was fully established.

At the moment a gentle tap was heard at the door. That was Mr. Adams' cue. "But what about your wife, Mr. Aspinwall?" he asked, with forced calmness.

There was coarse laugh and succeeding it was the brutal exclamation—so ill-adapted to the apparent refinement of the man—"On, she's all right, I suppose?"

"Do you care whether I am or not, John Aspinwall?" came an accusing voice, strongly stern—as the lawyer thought—for so delicate a lady.

John Aspinwall turned pale.

There was no mad scene of recrimination.

"John Aspinwall, you behaved like a rascal to me! You had the best years of my life! You threw me aside for your own world purpose! You left me to myself!"

He made no attempt to ward off this terrible accusation.

"You are now wealthy," she prodded, "and I demand that you shall not molest me! I also demand a portion of your wealth!"

There was no barking, no chafing. John Aspinwall had to do his duty to one whom the lawyer deemed a wronged, sweet, suitable woman.

He agreed with Mr. Adams that her share of the \$200,000 should be \$50,000. In addition he consented to Mr. Adams' making out a check for \$1000 on account, and at the same time induced the lawyer to pass him one for a similar amount.

Mr. Thomas Adams' astonished his clerks—no arrived at his office only in time to sign the letters for the night mail. The usual clerk was palpably disengaged at his absence.

He walked into his office humming a tune. Had not the dainty Mrs. Aspinwall waked up at his nodding and consigned a check for \$500? What a foray was this she was! And his hours of trouble! Here was a sister of hers now taken ill and she had to hurry away at once to her. Fortunately she allowed him to give her a little breakfast, and to see her off at the railroad station.

First Cinder—Why so angry?

Second Cinder—I've been wasting time in a glass eye.

"May I have a word with you, sir?" said the chief clerk.

"Go on!" exclaimed his employer, perturbed at being disturbed.

"Well, sir, I want to tell you that, according to your request, I took that client from Rockport out to dine. While we were seated in the dining room of the hotel I noticed opposite to Mrs. Aspinwall and her claimant to the estate, the husband and the law professor, I was attracted to them by hearing the "Imposter" exclaim, "Will Adams bleed much?" at which Mrs. Aspinwall laughed the loudest."

The last mail was at this moment handed to Mr. Adams. It contained only one letter and that came from Buffalo:

"Dear Mr. Adams. My husband, myself and my brother are now on the way to Toledo. My husband's name is not Jack Aspinwall, but Fred Sprawling. He was the first of the two John Aspinwall; my brother was the second. Your \$2500 will come in useful, but please ask your clerk to refrain from taking dinner where ladies and gentlemen are in the habit of meeting. For our unaccustomed presence to you would not have lost sight of us for weeks. And I do so appreciate the compensation! Yes, Jack Aspinwall is really dead and was buried in Arizona. I esteem your courtesy and I know that your courtesy will not allow you to cherish animosity. Yours truly,

John Aspinwall.

"I have heard of the large sum which was bequeathed to my late husband."

"This husband!" Mr. Adams looked at her intently. She was dressed in very plain but charming.

"Was a dandy relief," he reflected, "to his widow."

"And I thought," proceeded the visitor, "that I ought to come and prove myself to your hands. My friends say you by reputation and character are a wise man."

John Aspinwall was a sensible man, a real character, and probably to be depended upon for a wise man.

Some Bits.

Certain promoters are so optimistic where other people's money is concerned they will promote not merely brass and gold and silver mines, but the blue sky itself.

Former Postmaster-General Hitchcock was talking about a blue sky promoter who had been courted of fruit.

"This man's mine," he said, "reminded me, in its beauty of gold, of the railway and gold."

"This man's mine," he said, "is a railroad restaurant."

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